

Rather would we think of her years as of a corridor that led to chambers beautiful and great. Rather would we think of the day of her departure as the day of her release.

Such assurance we have who accept the Lord Christ as the revelation of Almighty God. He knew what life is, and what death is, and He was sure. His leached and pallid lips were confident even upon the cross. And what is more, He died and lived again, and proved that the human spirit can be no more affected by passing through death than can sunlight by passing through a pane of glass. No fact in all the chronicles of human history is better attested than this, that Jesus died and lived again. What is still more, by the vicarious nature of his death, He "tasted death for every man"; He died that henceforth whosoever believeth in Him should never die.

Our friend, about whose precious dust we gather here to-day, believed. Therefore, if what our Lord has said be true, or rather being true, she did not die on Tuesday. She passed on and in. She entered upon her rest. She made the great exchange of earth for the many mansioned home above. This is the higher view, the Christian view, of death. All the early Christians cherished it. There are 6,000,000 tombs in the Roman catacombs, but not once does the word "death" occur.

In the church of St. Nazaro at Florence is a soldier's sepulchre with this inscription which suggests the proper synonym for death: "He never rested. He rests. Hush!". What shall we write above her resting place? She who spared herself no labor, no sacrifice; she who counted no gift of time and strength too costly to lavish upon those she loved, rests. Hush! Hush un-availing sorrow for the dead who live. Hush needless grief for those who, absent from the body, are present with the Lord. Hush murmuring and impatient hearts. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

Her works; She was like Martha of Bethany in her home and in the church. She ministered to many a needy soul. I chance to know her benefactions to the poor were many. She preferred to be her own almoner, yet often her pastor has assisted in distributing her gifts to those the story of whose distress had reached her ears and touched her heart. She was not of the Pharisaic temper which combines self-content and social contempt. Modest of herself, she had boundless sympathy for others. Her sensibilities were deep, her interest in all things human was intense. Blessed with a voice of rare sweetness and compass, she yielded to the oft entreaty of her friends to sing the fond old songs of which we never tire.

They say that the mortar in the walls of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople still retains some traces of the musk with which it was mixed when it was built by Justinian as a Christian church, thirteen hundred years ago. To some of us, the walls of the dear old church on Delaware Avenue, and the walls of this room will echo still some fragments of her songs.

Is it not wonderful how death extracts from a life we have known every good word and work, and enshrines it in memory's